



**O** byste þe steppes of them þe were farther  
Laureate poetes whiche han soueraigne  
Of eloquence to supporte by inabynge  
And pray all the þe shall this processe se  
In toyn excuse that they lyke to be

Fauourable to lacke or to comende  
Gete thy grounde vpon humylyte  
Unto theyr grace that thou mayst by ascende

In a wyghte clime thy content reherlyng  
As one by clymbeth to grete prosperyte  
So another by experte knowlegunge  
fro grete rycheffe is brought to poertye  
Blas o boke what shall I saye in the  
Thy tragedyes thynge all the world to lende  
Go forth I praye excuse thy fallc and me  
Who loueth most betwe hynd shall ascende

Blake by the wynde of conpynge and moynunge  
Called fall of prynces from theyr felcpe  
Lyke chanynges now lyncunge now wepyng  
No after myrthe nexte toye aduersyte  
So intermedled there is no faret  
Lyke as this boke dothe pteple and reprehende  
Now on the wynde now set in lowe degre  
Who wyll encrease by betwe must ascende

**S**odayne departyng out of felcpe  
In to mylerye mortall heynesse  
Unware deparyng of our prosperyte  
Chaunge of gladnes in to wretchednesse  
Longe languysshyng in wo and bytternesse  
Conynual sorowe drede dole and offence  
Were byste brought in by inobeynce

Adam and Eue they lyberte  
They traunce as they blessed be  
Put in to eryle and captyte  
To lyue in labour wo and penury  
Thurgh fals desyre of pompous myshus  
To be serpent when they gaue credence  
The lord mystrustinge thurgh inobedience

But o alas as they were fre  
Of Joye eternall stode in sperynesse  
They were to blinde alas it is pyte  
To leue theyr state and lyue in werynesse  
All theyr offsprynge to byrge in dystresse  
Drawynge fro god his deere reuerence  
Thurgh fals consentyng to inobedience

Wherfore ye prynces awfully dole  
As this tragedye in maner bereth wytnesse  
Where as wanteth in any comons  
Subiectyon for lacke of mekenesse  
And whye pouert pryde hath an interesse  
There foloweth after thurgh browarde insolence  
Amonge the people fals inobedience

And noble prynces whiche haue the souerayntie  
To gouerne the people in ryght wyse  
Lyke as ye cheryshe them in peas and byte  
Or frowardly destroye them or oppresse  
So agaynwarde theyr courages they wyll dyse  
Lowly to obey to your magnyfyence  
Or dysobey by inobedience

**C**onquies conqueritur super fortunā



**T**his wretched world is full of misery  
As well as the new people that do live  
Withouten order or discipline  
Governed is by fortune's hand  
But neuertheless the lacke of her fauour  
He may not do me synge, though he that I see  
Saye thou thou must temporise with fortune  
For synally fortune I desyre

yet is me leste the synge of my reason  
To knowe frende fro foe in my troupe  
So moche hath yet thy ruyne age of and done  
I taught me to knowe in an houre  
But truely no foie of thy redoubte  
To hym that on hymselfe hath his maynteyne  
My suffylsaunce shall be my socoure  
For synally fortune I desyre

**O** Socrates thou noble champion  
She myght neuer be thy torment  
Thou neuer breddest her oppellion  
He in her there foundest thou no fauour  
Thou knewest well the deceipt of her colour  
And that her moost worlthyp is to lye  
I knowe her eke a false of mynion  
For synally fortune I desyre

**F**ortune is paupere  
No man is wretched but hymselfe it wene  
And yet that hath he hymselfe hath suffylsaunce  
Why sayst thou then I am to be so heauy  
That hast thyselfe out of my gouernance  
Say thus gramercy of thyn haboundaunce  
That thou hast lent of this thou shalt not styue



What wotest thou yet, hold I wyl the auaunce  
And eke thou hast thy best frende aloue

I haue the taught, bypelyon betwene  
Frende of effecte, and frende of countenaunce  
The nedeth not the gall of woe ben  
That cureth eyen, duk for penaunce  
How seest thou clere, that were in ygnorance  
yet holde thyn anker, yet thou mayst aryue  
There bounte bereth the keye of my substance  
And eke thou hast thy best frende aloue

How many haue I refused to sustene  
Synth I the fostered, haue in me pleasaunce  
Wylt thou than make a statue on thy quene  
That I shall be as at thyn ordynaunce  
Thou bothe arte in my reggion of barpaunce  
Aboute the while wylth other must thou dyue  
My lode is better than thy wyched gouernaunce  
And eke thou hast thy best frende aloue

**¶ Paupertas ad fortunam.**

Thy loze I dampne, it is aduersyte  
My frende, mayst thou not reue blynde goddesse  
And that I frendes knowe, I thank it the  
Take them agayne, let them golpe on presse  
The nygardes, keepinge theyr recheffe  
Promyske is, her toun thou wylt assaile  
Wyched appetyte, cometh by deloye dybenesse  
In generall this rule may not fayle

**¶ Fortuna ad paupertatem**

Thou pynchest as my mutabylte,  
For Iche lence a droppe of my recheffe  
And now me lybeth to withdraue me  
Why sholdest thou my royaume oppresse

The see may ebbe & flowe more than lett  
The skye hath myght to dryne up the oyster  
Myght so may I dome my hertynesse  
In generall this rule may not faple

**C**hauncer is no fortune  
So crecucion of the magelle  
That all puruayeth of his ryght to pynne  
That same chynge fortune clepe ye  
ye blynde beestes full of robenesse  
The heuen hath the p[ro]p[er]ty of lyf and deeth  
This worlde hath the euer / reuells trouys  
Thy laste daye is made of myghty lye  
In generall I this rule may not faple

**C**hauncer is no fortune  
Ecce boni conditio gaudet de chaunceris eorum fortuna

**H**e from the pyre yemell hath the best of  
Huffe be the good though it be small  
For hooorde hath the date / cympage & pynnesse  
Pyre hath the myght and deeth is blent ouer all  
Saoures no more than the dehoue shall  
Rule thy selfe that other folke must reade  
And trouthe the shall deliuer it is no drede  
Payne the not eche croked to redresse  
In truste of her that turneth as a ball  
Grete rest stande in lyell belynesse  
Be ware also to spoone agaynst a wall  
Stryue not as dothe a coole thow a ball  
Daunt thy selfe that dauntest other beys  
And trouthe the shall deliuer it is no drede  
That the is sent receyue it in bygynnesse  
The wastynge of this worlde as the a fall



Here is none home here is but wilderness  
Forth pilgrim forth forth best out of the stall  
Loke upon hygge and thanke our lord of all  
Wepe thy lust & let thy ghost the lede  
And trouble the Mall delpuer it is no drede

**T**he vnture gladnesse the Joye transytory  
The vntable luredes the transmucacions  
The glorye byghtnes the false ecliped glorie  
Of earthly prynces to whiche haue possessyons  
And monarchyes and domynacions  
They; sodayne chaunge declareth to be all a lye  
They; pompous fygures meyne with bytter gall  
This blynd goddess in her conspytour  
With her pleasaunte medlet byscenacions  
After triumphes conquest and byctour  
Amysse for prynces they; sceptres & they; crownes  
And troubleth the people with fals rebellowes  
Syth by these dukes whiche from her whete be fall  
All worldly suger is meyne with bytter gall

This tragedye maketh a memozye  
Of dukes twayne & of they; byc renowmes  
And of they; lame wyte a grete hystozye  
And how they conquered byuers regyones  
Gouerned cytees countrees and eke townes  
Tyll fortune they; prouesse byde appall  
To they; suger was meyne with bytter gall

Prynces pryncesses seeth how deceptour  
Ben all these worldly reuolucyons  
And how fortune in her recknatour  
With her tryacle tempeteth false poplons  
So merueylous ben her consercyons



Of fromardnesse the way what to befall  
By which her finger of custome trasper gall

### **C**omendacion of patience.

**U**ncur of betrays / orrible patience  
With Lauret crowned for vertuous constance  
Laure / honour / people / and reverence

Be prynces to the pryncesse of moost pleasure  
Spoust renowned by aungell / remembrance  
Of whom the myghty most all admure  
Agaynst all byes / lengest may endure

Grounde & begynnyng / to stande at defence  
Agaynst Sathans infernall payntance  
Laureate quene / where thou arte in presence  
Forsyn outrages / haue no gouernance  
Conduyte hedspynge / of plenteuous haboundance  
Crytall well / celestyall of fygure  
Agaynst all byes / whiche lengest may endure

These foundresse / by souerayne excellence  
Of goodly buyldynge / & spyrytuall substance  
Empresse of moost magnyficence  
With heuenly spyrytes / nexte of asystance  
With lyfe euerylastynge / the tryumphe to auance  
And Joye eternall / thy noblesse to assure  
In chaunce thysone / perpetually to endure

Thys Jerarchyes / there beynge in presence  
With whō humptye / hath souerayne acquyntance  
Where Glanna / With deuoute delygence  
As songe of aungelles / by longe conspuance  
Colore the thysone / keepynge theyr obseruance

*Criseyde is now, now and now it is I say*

*Crigongen is my name and my on it is & I dy*

Sayenge Sanctus Sanctus recorde of scrifture  
With boys memoꝝ all perpetually to endure

The brennyng loue of Cherubyn by seruence  
Daryte in charyte and dyligent obeyssaunce  
And Seraphyn with humble obedyence  
And orders. ix. by heuenly concordance  
Dominacions with vertuous attendaunce  
Afoze the trynitye longe fresshely by measure  
With voyce memoꝝ all perpetually to endure

Suffraunce of paynymes hath but an apperence  
Done for bayngloxe hangynge in balaunce  
But crystes martys in very cristenence  
Lyste agaynst tyrautes make repugnaunce  
Rather deye than do god dyspleasaunce  
Shewed in no myrrour / yf benesse nor pecture  
Take full posselion for euer with cryst endure

Suffraunce for vertue hath the premyence  
Of them that set in god they assyaunce  
Recorde of Steuen Vincent and Laurence  
Blessed Edmonde by longe perseueraunce  
Suffred for our fayth by trouous greuaunce  
By pynge may be a martyr a palme to recure  
In the heuenly court perpetually to endure

And for to set a maner byfference  
In this mater tolde euery circumstaunce  
How for our fayth by full grete byolence  
By uers sayntes haue suffred grete penaunce  
Scable of theyr chere by sage and cosensaunce  
Neuer to barpe for none auenture  
Athe crystes champpons perpetually to endure



Whose foundation by notable prouidence  
Grounded on cryste / thei soules to auaunce  
Graue in thei hertes / & in thei conscience  
Vpdyngge all trouble / of worldly perturbatione  
Chaunges of fortune / wth her double haunce  
Loued god & bradde / aboue eche creature  
In hope wth hym perpetually to endure

**M**yn auctour Sochas wyrteth no longer processe  
Of Julius bethe complaynyngge but a whyle  
To wyte of Tully in haste he gan hym dresse  
Compendyously his lyfe for to compyle  
Complaynyngge fyrste / his baren stile  
Is insuffyciente to wyte as men may seen  
Of so notable a rethorycien

The name of Tullius / was known in many place  
His eloquence in euery lande was ryfe  
His language made hym stande in grace  
And be preferred buryngge all his lyfe  
Maried he was / & had a ryght fayre wyfe  
Chyldren many seruauntes yonge and olde  
And I fynde he helde a good houtholde

This thyngge was done / whan y in Rome to done  
The stryfe was greetest betwene Cesar & Popey  
And for Tullius drewe hym to Caton  
Wth Pompeyus Cesar to warrey  
And of Julius the partye dyslober  
Out of Rome Tullius dyde hym hye  
Fledde wth Pompey in to Thessalye  
Cesar after his free mocydne  
Whan that he stode byest in his glorie



hym reconsoled agayne to Rome to bide  
vpon Pompey accomplished the byetoys  
But Julius sayne in the conspytoys  
By sycrey senatours beyng of assent  
Cullius was agayne in to exyle sent

And in a cyte called farnuan  
Cullius his exyle byde endure  
For Anthonius was to hym enemy than  
By cause that he partake of auenture  
Compyled had an Inuentyscripture  
Agaynst Anthonyne reber syng all the case  
Of his defautes and of Cleopatreas

Thus of enuye and of moztall hatred  
His dethe was compassed by Anthonius  
And after warde execut in dede  
By procurynge of one Pompilius  
Gate comysyon þe foryetelleth thus  
Of fals malys & forth anone wente he  
In to Gayte/of champaygne a cyte

And by the vertue of his comysyowne  
Takynge of Anthonyne lycence & lyberte  
These Kathoorycyen þe euer was in the towne  
Amonge Romayns to doo shyp the cyte  
Was sayne alas of hate & enemyte  
By Pompilius rote of all falshede  
Proferynge hymselfe to smyte of his hede

Cullius afore had ben his defence  
fro the galowes and his dethe relef  
Whiche had deserued for his grete offence  
To haue ben hanged vpon a hye gybe

Who saueth a thefe when the rope is hys  
Aboute his necke as a clecke wyte  
With some false turne þy byboure wyll hym quyte

Lo here the byrde of ingratitude  
By experyence brought fully to a pefe  
Who in his herte treason dothe include  
Caste for good wyll to do a man repese  
What is the guerdon for to saue a thefe  
When he is scaped loke ye shall fynde  
Of his nature euer to be unkynde

This popylar traytour moost obpyble  
To shewe hym selfe false/ cruell & vengeable  
To wards Tully dyde a chynge boyrable  
When he was deed/ this byboure moost culpable  
Smote of his ryght hande/ to here abhomyable  
With whiche hande he luynged on hym toke  
To wyte of vertues many a famous booke

The hande/ the heed of noble Tullius  
Whiche euery man ought of ryght complayne  
Were take and brought by Pompeyus  
Upon a stake set by bothe the wayne  
There to abyde whether it dyd shyned or rayne  
With wynde and weder tyll they were ryfled  
In token all sauoure was to hym denyed

**T**his tragedye dothe naturally complayne  
Upon this byrde called unkyndenesse  
Whiche to punyssh is turment none nor payne  
By gouerne condygne/ flagell/ nor duresse  
Cynpysonyng/ nor none rebely dysse  
That may suffyse by yesty to conclude  
Agaynst the byrde of ingratitude



All creatures on this wyce complayne  
Lawe/nature/detracts/ryght wyfnesse  
This monster in kynde dothe the lycht dysleigne  
Of every vertue bereth the byghenes  
Whylender can bere herof wyfnesse  
Whiche to his so: they: be of catches rude  
Shewed the wyce of ingratitude

Of Cerberus thynfernal cryble chayne  
Boz of Tantalus hunger noz thurstynesse  
Of Fion oz Cicus bothe rwayne  
Beken they: curment remembre they: sharpenesse  
All were to lytell to chastise oz redyesse  
The hatefull wyce of them that can delude  
They: frendes olde/by fals ingratitude

Noble pynces whiche in yowre demayne  
Haue gouernance of all worldly rycheffe  
Agaynst folke vnkynde loke that ye dysdayne  
Suffre them not to haue none interesse  
For to appoche to your hygh noblenesse  
For there is no wyce more hatefull to conclud  
Than is the wyce of Ingratitude

Consulo quisquis eris: qui pacis sidera queris  
Consonus esto lupis: cū quibus esse cupis

**I** Counseyll what so euer thou be  
Of polyppe/foresyght and prudence  
If thou wylt lyue in peas and byte  
Conforme thyselfe & thynke on this sentence  
Where so euer thou holde residence  
Amonge wolues/be woluyflike of courage



Lyons with lyons / a launde for Innocence  
Lyke the audyence / so better thy language

The byrcorne is caughte with maydens songe  
By dysposycyon recorde of scrypeure  
With cormorauntes make thy necke longe  
In pondez depe / thy prayes to recure  
Amonge foxes / be foryethe of nature  
Amonge raueners thynke for auantage  
With empty hande / men may no haubes lure  
And lyke thy audyence so better thy language

With holy men speke of holynesse  
And with a glotton / be detyrate of thy fare  
With dronken men / do surfettes by extelle  
And amonge wastlers no spendyng that thou spare  
With woodcockes / lerne for to dare  
And sharpe thy knyfe / with pylers for pylage  
Lyke the market / so preyse thy chaffare  
And lyke thy audyence so better thy language

With an Oddy spare ryuer none nor ponde  
With them that fetette / robbe conyngers  
A blode hounde with bowe & arrowe in honde  
Waugre the wathe of fosters & parkers  
Lyke thy felawshyp / spare no daungers  
For lyfe nor bethe / thy lyfe put in mortgage  
Amonge knyghtes / squyers chanons monkes freres  
Lyke thy audyence better thy language

Danpell lay / a prophete full notable  
Of god preserued / in pryson with lyons  
Where god lyfte spare / a Cygre is not vengeable  
So cruell beestes / betes nor gryffons

And yf thou be in caues With dragons  
Remembre how Abacuke brought potage  
So ferre to Danyel fro many regions  
As case requyret so bitter thy language

With wyse men talke of sappence  
With phylosophers speke of phylosophye  
With hyppmen saytyng that haue experyence  
In troubylles how they shall them guye  
And with poetes talke of poetrye  
Be not presumptuous of chere nor of bysage  
But where thou comest in any companye  
Lyke the audyence so bitter thy language

This lytell bytte concludynge in menyng  
Do ho that cast hym this rule so to kepe  
Must conforme hym lyke in every thyng  
Where he shall byde vnto the felawshyp  
With watche men wake With doggy folke slepe  
With wood men wood With frantye folke sauage  
Kenne w beestes w wyld wozmes crepe  
And lyke thy audyence bitter thy language

Amonge all these I counseyll yet take hede  
Where thou abydest or rest in any place  
In chese loue god & with thy loue haue dyde  
And be ferefull agaynst hym to trespase  
With vertuous men encrease shall thy grace  
And byepous folke are cause of grete damage  
In every felawshyp so for thyselfe purchase  
Where vertue regneth there bitter thy language

Be payed with lytell content with suffysaunce  
Clymbe not to hye thus byddeth Socrates



And pouerte is of treasours moost substaunce  
And Caen sayd, is none so grete increas  
Of booldy treasour, as for to lye in peas  
Whiche amonge vertues hath the ballasage  
I take recorde of Dyogenes  
Whiche to Alexander had this language

His palays was a lytell poore tonne  
Whiche on a whele, with hym he gan carrie  
Hadde this Emperour, ryde out of his sonne  
Whiche dempte hymselfe, rycher than kynge darre  
Kepte with his bestell, fro wyndes moost contrary  
Wherin he made dayly his passage  
This phylosopher, w<sup>th</sup> prynces lyfte not tarre  
Nor in theyr presence, to utter no language

Byt wene these twayne a grete comparyson  
Kynge Alexander, he conquered all  
Dyogenes lay in a small dungeon  
A lyke sondy webbe, whiche turned as a ball  
fortune to Alexander, gaue a sodayne fall  
The phylosopher dysposed the comynage  
He thought vertue, was moze imperyall  
Than his acquayntaunce, w<sup>th</sup> all his proude language

Anthony & Boule despyed all rycheesse  
A yued in deserte, of wyfull pouerte  
Cesar and Pompey, of marcyall woodnesse  
By theyr enuyous compassed cruelte  
Bytwene germany & alyce was grete emptye  
No comparyson byt wene good geer and sojage  
I praye every thyng lyke to his degre  
And lyke thy auowence, so better thy language



**I** fownde a lybertye depyt boyn a booke ydum rdo x  
**A**rmes in vertues/as I walke bp and boling  
**T**he hebe of chye/full solemne and royall  
**I**ntellectus/nimoye and reason  
**W**ith eye and eare/oflere dyscrepon  
**M**outh and tongue/auoyden all outrage  
**A**gaynst the dyce of fals detractyon  
**T**o do not surlet/in woide nor in language

Hande and armes/ With this descreycon  
Where so man haue/ loyce o2 feblenelle  
Truely to mene/ in his affectyon  
fo; fraude o2 fauoure/ to folowe ryght wyse  
Outrayles in warde/ deuocyon With mekenelle  
Pallynge Pygmalyon/ Whiche graued an ymage  
Prayed to Venus of flowers cheere goddesse  
To graunte u lyfe/ & quychenelle of language

Of hole entente/ pray we to cryste Ihu  
To quyk a fygure/ in our conſcience  
Reaſon as heed/ wth membes of vertue  
Afoze reherſed/ bꝛeefly in ſentence  
Vnder ſuppoſe of his magnyfſtence  
Chꝛyſt ſo lyfte gouerne/ our woꝛldly pygrymage  
By wene vyce and vertue/ to ſerue a difference  
To his pleaſaunce/ to betteꝛ our language

**Lennox.**

**A**ward the ende of frosty Januarie  
 When watry phobus had his purpose take  
 For a season to sojourn in a quarye  
 And Capricorne hadde better to forsake  
 Towarde aurore amajole as I gan wake  
 A feldfare full cry toke her flight  
 To soze my studie/longe with her fethers blake  
 pust. 4 yd.

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Though he the petyche / haue wynges byght & shene  
Braunted by nature to his grete auntyll

With golde & azure / and Emendes grene  
And Argus open / portrayed in his capill

Berynge by his fethers / dyplayed lyke a sayll

To warde his fete / when he caste downe his seght

To bate his pynde there is no bett coufayll

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

The kyng of foules / moost imperyall

Whiche with his loke / perfecteth the feruent loone

The Eagle as chiefe / of nature moost royall

As olde clerkes / well deuyle honne

To phebys palays / by flyght when he hath wonne

What foloweth after / for all his grete myght

But men remember / vpon his fethers donne

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

In large lakes / and ryuers frefhe rennyng

The yelowe swanne / famous and agreeable

Agaynst his dethe / melodiously fpyngyng

His facall notes / petyous & lamentable

Playnly declare / in erthe is no byng stable

His byll / his fete / who loke a ryght

In token of mournyng / be of colour sable

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

The hardy lyon of bestes wyde and wyng

When he syt crowned / as prync of wyldernesse

All other bestes / obeye his bydyng

As kynde hath taught them / they lady & mayster

But not with stonnyng his beft all furbynde

When he is moost furpous in his myght



There cometh a quartayn/lyth in his grete actyons  
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

The Tygers of nature/excellet of swiftnesse

The Lynx with lokynge perceith a stone wall & any

The hyrcorne by musycall sweetnesse

Bytwene two maddens/is take & bothe a fall

All worldly thynges/tournish as a ball

The harte/the roo/ben of theyr cours full light

By theyr prerogatyues/but none alone hath all

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Amonge all beestes/the lyon is moost stronge

Of nature the lambe/hath grete mekenesse

The woulfe disposed/by rauyn to do wronge

The dryghty fox/small pullet dothe oppresse

To fysh in water/the wyte dothe durtlesse

Grete dyfference bytwene daye and nyght

Lacke of discrecyon causeth grete byndnesse

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Though thou haue power/oppresse not thy parayll

Of one mater/was made eche creature

Pyde of a tyrant/a scason may preynt

Achoyle to regne/is contrary to nature

No vengeable herte/shall no wyhyle endure

Theyr toyt power/noj fals usurped myght

Apst for no doctour/noj techynge of scrpyture

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Kepte by a begger/that came of nought

Set in a chayre/of worldly wygour

Whan fals presumpcyon/is entred in his thought

Hath clene forgotte/his state of pouerte

And as by sayed/unto the rofall see

Of alþow the world nat maye fro myghte  
A fooler þat not in þe myrrour  
Loke in his myrrour & deme none other wyghte

Thus by a maner of sympleude  
Tyrantes lykened to beestes rauynous  
folke that ben humble playnly to conchude  
Besemble beestes in the and vertuons  
Some folke peisable / some contraryous  
Sondry mylles / now heuy / & now lyght  
One is frowarde / another is gracysous  
Loke in thy myrrour and deme none other wyghte

Some man of herte / dysposed to pyrbe  
By dysposycon / offrowarde hurquoye  
Some man may suffer / & longe tyme abyde  
Some man bengeable / of olde melancolpe  
Some man consumed / with hate & fals enuye  
To holde a quarrell / whether it be wronge or ryght  
But this putt þese thynges mater to applye  
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyghte

No man is clere / without some trespase  
Blessed is he / that neuer byde offence  
One man is meke / another dothe menence  
Some man is spere / some man barbe pacyence  
One is rebell / another dothe reverence  
Some man coorbed / some man gothe byryght  
Let ech man serche his owne conseyence  
Loke in thy myrrour / and deme none other wyghte

Thynges contrary / as per & contrarye  
A poore man / þat is not commendable  
Nor a sayre saphyr / set in a copert ryng  
A beggers thret / is enough to be bengeable



For saye behestes of purpose barpable  
Flores here a purse of peyleth lyght  
Outwarde gay speche in menyng dyscreuable  
Loke in thy myrrour and deme none other wyght

Some gyue no foyle for to be knowe  
Dutly for lurre abyspunge on fallnesse  
Some can dyssemble & blowe the buches home  
By apparence of sayned kyndnesse  
Under floures of fraudulent freghenesse  
The serpent darth with his scales wyght  
Galle under sugar harte double bytternesse  
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Cure not thy conceyte with no sayned gloses  
Some golden floures haue a bytter rote  
Sharpe thornes hyde longe tyme under rotes  
Foule eye oppressd with squamous soote  
Let fals presumption play ball under soote  
Torches compared to phebus beames wyght  
What dothe clere perle on a bandy boote  
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

It ynde in her werkes can hynder & pretere  
Set dyfferences many mo than one  
Betwene phebus and a tell sette  
Betwene a flynte & a pryous stone  
Betwene a dull mason & pygmalion  
Betwene Certeys and Hector a good knyght  
Let every man gathe on his owne bone  
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Some man is stronge bettes to bynde  
Another feble preferred with prudence  
One stoyte to renne another cometh behynde

One hath the floure/another hath the wyse good  
Some men hath the conyng/lackinge eloquence  
Some hath the force/ye they haue not lyege  
Deas moost gosperech/that this experience  
Loke in thy myrrour/ & deme none other wyghe

Some man hath the beaute/another hath the goodnesse  
One hath the Joye/another aduersite  
Some man fortun/ & plentifulle rychesse  
Some man content/ & gladd the poverte  
Some one hath the helpe/another in synne  
What euer god lede/thanke hym with all thy myght  
Crutche not agaynst/ & lerne this thyng of me  
Loke in thy myrrour/ & deme none other wyghe

There is no gardyn/so full of freche floures  
But that there are/amonge them some woodefowles  
The holloin floure/for all his swete odours  
Groweth on thornes/peckynge sharpe and hene  
Bleedys floure/with wyte/with ryde & grene  
Displayeth her crowne/agaist phebus beames bryght  
In floures breedeth/conceyue what I mene  
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyghe

The somers day/is neuer so seiden seyn  
With some clere aye/that there is some daye  
For no man erthly/so vertuous in certayne  
But þ he may/be bynnyed by troupe  
A voyce byshuned/trebleth all melodye  
As sayth mulypens/whiche luteke þ craft arye  
On trewe acorde/standeth all armonye  
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyghe

Compassions/conceyued in nature  
By a myrrour of vertuous lyfnesse



Let every man do his best cure  
To race out payde and let in fynde mckenne  
Agaynst couetyse compassion and alme  
fro poore people let no man tounne his syght  
Agaynst fleschely luste/chastyte and cheryte  
Loke in thy myrrour/ & deme none other wyght

Of every man by repute of language  
Kyspe thy tongue/ of trewe affectyon  
Of haste noz rancour/ with mouth do no damage  
Restrayne thy courage/ fro fals detraccon  
fro flattery and adulation  
With honest wordes/ shewne trouthe and ryght  
flee doublousse/ fraude & collusyon  
Loke in thy myrrour/ & deme none other wyght

No man of kynde is more suspectuous  
Than he that is moost bypous & culpable  
Bycause he halteth/ & is not vertuous  
He wolde eche man to hym there ressemblable  
A galled hoys with wyche in a stable  
for noyle of labels heuy ether lyght  
A foole that is/ by repute repprouable  
Sholde loke in his myrrour & deme none other wyght

That man for vertue may worre a dyademe  
With stones. xij. remembered by auctours  
And as kyng/ well crowned he may bene  
That hath no weede/ growynge amonge his flowers  
Though spryde haue many sweete flowers  
fro Juppiter/ an vniuersall chandier lyght  
Spryde with an hayll/ fro Sagittaries tounes  
Loke in thy myrrour/ & deme none other wyght

With vertuous pite / and compassyon  
He we on thy neyghbour as han he is culpable  
Let mercy moue the / rigorous consercyon  
All we be synners / though god be not benigneable  
We myghte not lyue / but he were mercifable  
That his petyour / petyer a doome his ryght  
After your domes / ye Judges moost notable  
Loke in your myght / deme none other myght

Set a myght / of lyght descrecyon  
Tofore your face / by polyphe gouernaunce  
Face face with them / that haue cantryon  
And for the / sutelles / in herte haue repentaunce  
Let not your swerde / be docto do benigneance  
Bytwene flat & edge / though sharpenesse token lyght  
The flat of mercy / prynte in your remembraunce  
Loke well your myght / or ye deme ony myght

So I tell byll / without tittle or bate  
And of hole herte recomaunde me  
Whiche that am called Johan Lygate  
To all the folke / whiche lyt to haue pite  
On them þat suffer trouble & aduersite  
Beseeche them all / þat the shall ride a ryght  
Therby to medle with trouthe & equyte  
Loke well the / myght / & deme none other myght

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There endeth the piousnes of Lygate upon the fall  
of prynces. Imprinted at London in the laste part of the  
yere of the Reigne by the Wyche of Wyche



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